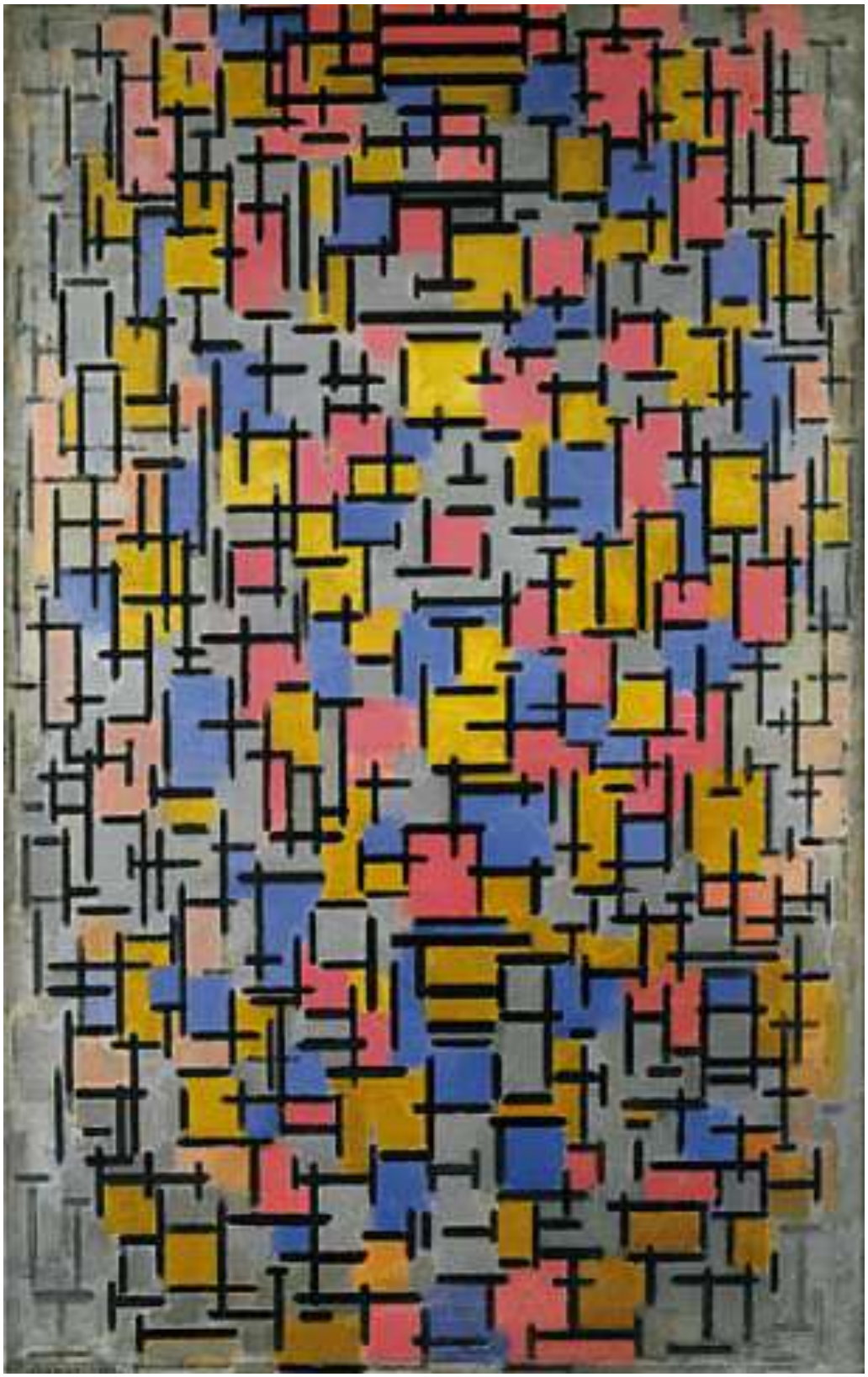

The Posit Trilogy

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Argotist Ebooks

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Compositie, 1916
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The Posit Trilogy

I. Posit

Posit

I want
but that's
nothing new.

I posit
no boundary
between us.

I say you,
I know you,
I think so.

I know
what world
is worldly.

I know
how death
stays alive.

I never
enter third
person places.

I could
go on
forever.

Come to the Point

I am that I
that stations metaphor
on a boat to
be carried across.
that makes little
songs on banisters,
which are slipped down.
that slips down
antique devices,
china cutlery and white.
I am coming to
the point. I am
come to the point.
I am that I.

Day Song

& this reflexivity, right now: how it bounds.
how we are the sum total of our limitations.
we catch glimpses. what's in the catching.
what's beyond, behind, between: purple fear.
bodies randomly chosen, for different reasons.
dreams of form. charades. too bad, but
always the knowledge, if we are lucky, of
scattered constellations in the world. chewable.
fragments. progress. only in patches. must. do.

Illinois Sky

One could sink upwards into
    it, lose brown earthy stains.
Conglomerated air-pockets,

tucked into figments, wide
    enough to lend temporality
sense, day's square progress.

This I don't know about, this
    feeling, expanse contracted,
sex impulse etherealized, I

can't see this with former eyes.
    It is, after all, a doorstep,
just me entering me again—

cream purse, vulval sheen.

Lars Palm Dream

I was skulking in
a dorm room with
Lars Palm, who
was chucking
lobsters. A yellow

globule tried to
get our goat; a wall
started talking.
Lars was furious.
Some girls were

involved with us,
as junk piled up.
Lars threw a
lobster at the
yellow globule,

roaring. It was
a pivotal moment—
bare walls. Rubbish
heap. Fucked
globules. We left.

Eyeballs

They sent a maid
to clean Jocasta's

chamber, a stout
ex-maenad, still

full of wine. She
happened upon

the two eyeballs
of Oedipus, doused

with blood, beneath
Jocasta's dangling

feet. They were
smooth, tender

as grapes. She
pocketed them.

They became play-
things for her cats.

Perhaps there is
use for everything,

she thought, raising
a glass to her lips;

and if I am a thief,
who will accuse me?

Rowdy Dream

I was slumming @
Andrew Lundwall's.
There was a demented
cook called Seana
with tortured ringlets.

There was a cooking
issue, a food problem.
I ate something.
I stayed on the fifth
floor, away from

rowdies on floors
two and three. My
Mom broke in,
spoke of better
food, more rowdies.

I wanted to be
more rowdy, left
floor five. Seana
spoke gibberish to
me in the kitchen.

I wasn't happy or
unhappy; I was in
the middle. All this
time Andrew Lundwall
sat on a throne on

floor one. I was
making my way
down there when
I awoke— no food.
I became rowdy.

To Bill Allegrezza, after reading *In the Weaver's Valley*

"I" must climb up
from a whirlpool
swirling down,
but sans belief
in signification.

"I" must say I
without knowing
how or why
this can happen
in language.

"I" must believe
in my own
existence,
droplets stopping
my mouth—

alone, derelict,
"I" must come back,
again, again,
'til this emptiness
is known, and shown.

Waiting for Dawn Ananda at Dirty Frank's

in the syntax of

my vodka-tonic,

& in the neon

smoke-rings

kisses hang

before breezes

Le Chat Noir

I pressed a frozen face
forward into an alley off
of Cedar Street, herb blowing
bubbles (am I too high?) in

melting head I walked &
it was freezing & I walked
freezing into pitch (where's
the) blackness around a

cat leapt out & I almost
collapsed a black cat I
was panting & I almost
collapsed I swear from

the cold but look a cat
a black cat *le chat noir* oh no

Girl with a Cigarette, Modern Painters cover, January ‘07

You don’t mean it, do you? You
don’t know that the blue around
your pupils is sky in a vice, that your
fingers are too complicated.

Nothing shows you that shadows
over your neck do not account for
over-delicacy, that shoulders
simply squared reveal damaged

breast-matter. You smoke, not
knowing. You take a drag, too
picture-esque. Your pose is a
pose, your cheekbones simply ash.

10:15 Saturday Night

then like how bout we give this
thing a chance or at least not bury it
beneath a dense layer of this could
be anyone, we could be anyone,
anyone could be doing this, just
another routine, another way of
saying hello, and goodbye just

around the corner like a dull
dawn layered thick in creamy
clouds, ejaculations spent

Jessica Smith Dream

Jessica Smith was a corpse
on a bed on a screen in front
of me. She lay in darkness
w an obscure head. I touched

the screen— it grew red. I
touched her head on the screen
and she was alive again,
and blonde. I stepped back from

the screen, hearing her
breathing. I felt as if I had
performed an exorcism—
this was holy water. I shook

through the whole thing.

Dracula's Bride

I married into blood
and broken necks, endless
anemic privation, but

no regret. You see,
hunger fills me. I like
vampire hours (no

sleep), a blood-vessel
pay-check, diabolical
companionship, tag-team

seductions, guileless
maidens about to
be drunk.

We know what sweetness
is in starvation. We've
found, satiety

is death's approval stamp.
If you crave, there is
room left in you. If

you want, you are a
work-in-progress—
being finished is

a cadaver's province.
Better to suck
whatever comes.

II. Deposit

Deposit

To build
an I
is to see it

rust, stripped
down into
pluralities,

so that I
write against
my own

evanescence—
dissolutions which
don’t allow

palimpsests—
trees sans
bark, molting

of interiors—
now, time
future can

only reverse
currents, enact
withdrawal of

the phallus from
fun, friction. To
build an I

is to decoy
it underground,
after fashions.

The Point, Made

Seeds left, softening, somnolence,
sleep in/beneath a patina of silt,
salt waves heave above— slow,
life lived in burrowing downwards—
de-centered into diaspora, a sense
(subtly, oil-slicked) of knowing how
self has/maintains few points of
coherence along the myriad veins of
interior time— interiors sans cohesion,
diabolical densities against coherence,
beneath vertical turtles bound to their shells—
dropped seeds crawl as they will.

Night Song

& what goes out, remains out. diminution
determines. expanses opened by destruction.
contractions towards space-birth. a going-off
in all directions. gloriously center-free. aligned
with arbitrary, arbitrations. moments to air-
puncture. aggressive pursuit of time past.
to strip back as bark. roots just left as
roots in the ground. immobile as pure
objects, taking off subjects ad infinitum.
the rhythm— no one listens. remains composed.

Manayunk Sky

Facades on Main Street have a lift
towards it, but the Manayunk sky
isn't there, a mirage, a conglomeration

of spent wishes for a better human future
which can never be lived in the blackened
glare of well-trodden pavement. Its

expanse argues loudly for the subaltern
and its accessibility, a superior up
is down, a superior blue is black,

a superior open is packed tight
into a closed linearity, night's deep
recess. Now, I take the trouble

to interrogate pavement, which
can only deny truths of not-surface, hotly.

To Augustine, after reading his “Confessions”

If you really did find
something or someone
immutable, freed from
torturous progress, I
can’t say I don’t believe—

If you came to rest
apart from the unworkable
aligned profoundly with
profundity’s alignment,
congrats from a still point—

If I seem cynical,
catching your desperation
as tides confounded you,
I at least know your death,
its heft, text, all plumbed

by me, or someone else.

Waiting for Dawn Ananda at the Bean Café

To have to play a hand

(shall I ever get a hand in?)

poker gives you five fingers—

yet I catch in the South Street air

ten fingers or a spider’s eight legs,

immobilized behind a dense space—

10:30 Saturday Night

You see it (the word) all over the old
stuff, “satiety,” never think what it
means until you get it, the entire
package, and it still can’t mean much
because she’s a repository for bad
vibes, evil impulses, like ghosts of
old movies, and in her mind it’s
always a scene for her to play,
especially now that the deed is
done, against the grain, not a sin

merely a circumstance, but heroism
which could be (telling the truth
now the truth’s against me) is
subsumed by the anonymity of
sports bras not decoyed in darkness—

Decoy Dream (Rose)

You were one of the twelve
of you doing what you were
doing; promised a part in
a Communist parade, a five
year contract to be who you
were against eleven imposters—
I saw you on South Street on
my thirty-sixth birthday,
you had pigtails, and as you
lied to the barrista about
working at Condom Kingdom
(for seven years), I remembered
Loren Hunt on the floor of
Gleaner's bathroom on mescaline—

Decoy Dream II (Katie)

I was sitting outside Westminster
Arch smoking a butt in the February
chill, when you passed me (you can't

see in movies how your ears stick out,
how tall you are, or that the jet-black
mop on your head is cut short), stood

in the doorway with something wistful
in your posture, as if I'd killed you,
buried the chance that your endless

decoy vigil could end; in other words,
I was putting you down. In truth, I was.

Absinthe

Situations which, to face properly, you
might want to experience a floating
sensation (as though you'd hit the ceiling)—

they've closed the Eris Temple on 52nd
and Cedar; if there were (as has been
suggested) corpses beneath the floor-

boards I didn't see them, nor did I notice
the imposed regime change five years ago
and, yes, I would've cared, but then I

remember, this is Philly, heavy on inversions
and abasements, situations you can
or cannot float over, and the syrup poured

over your efforts takes back what it gives,
towards justice, balance, deathly intoxication—

Orpheus

Why maenads
torment Orpheus

is that his songs
need to be sung

to attentive audiences,
not little rapists—

he's always on
the run these days,

maenads hunt him
down, unwind his

parts, so that he's
too loose, a ball

of rubber, who
can't front, body

public, seed
so much in the

street that he's
more urchin

than artist,
they dice up his

babies, it's a never
ending cycle, yet

he keeps his
lyre in tune,

because (he thinks)
who knows, he's

learned not to look
back, and raps

don't reach him anymore—

Dracula

Few know: Augustine and I
had a life as twins,
we each dealt with

temporal successiveness,
he had his way, I mine—
I forever remain closer

to the immutable than he—
a clod of earth, weaned
on the richness of blood,

which makes me more
subterranean than you can
even see, a gliding,

velvet-suave underground,
confessing nothing,
finding “sin” fraudulent

in circumstance, a multi-tiered
universe as scabrous
at the top as at the bottom—

my rhetoric aims, still, at
Augustine, for he (also) is
immense, and has his

immensity against me
somewhere secret, private,
his dark Carpathians,

inaccessible to a mere clod,
a covetous one.

III. Re-Posit

Re-Posit

What becomes
of an I
posited

in a holocaust?
You are
against what is—

you linger
on what is
from inside

a cul-de-sac,
held up
only by yourself,

in rigors,
overwhelming,
past returns.

Now I,
immobilized,
saunter

as interiors
remake themselves,
scaffolding

put up
of whatever
solidity

inheres,
only in here.

The Point, Beyond

So much space inheres, so much
withdraws from what space opens,
light from blue-tinted suns and skies,
so that leaks of seed may only be
caught when one’s back is squarely
turned, towards more maintenance. As
circuits express boundaries, what “I”
inheres has a sense of endless reign,
half-accepted, half-rebelled against, but
mobile seeds and selves past horizon, gone.
Crosses drop— barbed wire ambience,
seeds of fathomless lows, brilliant clarities.

Midnight Song

& thus, moonlight on leaves. visions contract.
breath decoys possibility, but midnight witches.
to grasp for the moon. receptivity stretches its
limits. droplets of blood: farce/face. shelled
creatures lurch from bodies of water. portents
position themselves. sheathed in blue again,
as intermittent presence. what clear facades
against the darkness— pane beyond pain.
bricks arrayed, cut by lines— all progress
just arrangements of cloud. firmaments un-reflected.

Main Line Sky

Clouds conglomerate against notions of
isolation, dispersal into atoms; sovereign
against human contingencies, which neglect

the arbitrary's ultimate importance in composing
form and then function; streaks of sun, floating
segments, as morning dissipates potentialities

in and out of glass doors, opaque to how
all might coalesce past the imposition of
will. Our distinctions, exposed in this fashion,

are meaningless, gambits sans grace; moods
made jagged as we are watched and never alone
from processes pulsing above/beneath us,

so much funneled into sky's antithesis.

To Joseph Conrad, after reading *Heart of Darkness*

If the spirit of universal
genius is meant to float
down the river into naught,
to be attenuated by the
jealous against authenticity,

and if it turns quotidian life into
an unworkable mess, as
universal genius attempts to
forge alliances above spheres
which must be minded on Earth,

and if it expresses itself to the crass,
and the crass is everyone, and Kurtz
understands the parasitism involved,
saturation in/by malevolence, then

I'm down the river, up forever—

Waiting for Dawn Ananda @ Volo Coffeehouse

As you may never come as
you once came, they have a
likeness of you serving coffee,
who bares her navel against
your sovereign grande dame
status, but she’s contrived as
an $8 sandwich I can’t afford—

Tranny Dream

I find myself in bed with a woman
with a man's crotch, and find this
unacceptable, and so excuse myself
into an autumn evening in North
Philadelphia, looking for a train
station, finding more nudie bars.
I get trapped in an enclosed space
with a stripper, done with her work
for the night, who counsels me
against taking the train home, that
I can sleep with her backstage at
her bar. I push past, into the night
again, and am assailed on all sides.

Midnight Saturday Night

You said (it was a way of saying),
pray you touch my parts in such a
way that you don't damage them, but
of course I can't touch your parts
except to damage them when the times
are so forbidding that to have parts
not backed by gold is to have no parts
at all, and it can't be crisp as it was,
fresh as it was, ripe as it was, as
your cauldron is full of grease, against

holding on to anything but allergies,
and I am allergic to the idea of doing
this if a new cauldron cannot be
forged, and you're (and I'm) a fox walking
on ice in a blasted landscape, and at
midnight we crash into this together—

Murder Dream

There was a concert somewhere, I was
there with a college friend who wound
up betraying me, and I murdered the son
of a bitch with a shot-gun; they told
me I could get off scot-free if it was
only one murder, and as I sat in
the balcony trying not to notice a show
of cadavers onstage I angled my
behaviors so as not to offend them.

Next shot: I saw the dead man's life
pass in sequence before me, and he
was bound by a five-year contract to
die shortly anyway, which is probably
why they let me off, even as the cadavers
played invisible instruments into open air—

Eris Temple

That night I got raped by a brunette
chanteuse, I lay on the linoleum floor
of the front room sans blanket, and thought

I could hack it among the raw subalterns
of the Eris Temple, who could never
include me in their ranks, owing to my

posh education; outside, on Cedar Street,
October gave a last breath of heat before
the homeless had to hit rock bottom again,

and as Natalie lay next to me I calculated
my chances of surviving at the dive bar
directly across from the Temple for the

length of a Jack & Coke, West Philly
concrete mixed into it like so many notes—

Orpheus II

If Orpheus is
forced to sing

in abject solitude,
nothing changes—

his lyre retains
its form/function,

vocal nodes sound
identical proportions—

the song leaves
into distant lands

and reaches, echoes
among strangers

he’d like to love, but
for now he only

hears his own
echoes, and haunts

his own dreams
of an Over-World,

inverse-plutonian
around authentic

intensities, and clarities
searched for are found,

as though they’re there—

Dracula on Literature

You can't tell me
  you don't feed on
    the mysterious disappearance

of the need to do this—
  that raw life and blood
    would suffice to

satisfy, nd gird you
  against the grinding
   towards sphere-music

you fancy you make.
  I've lived a thousand
    years among human

souls, all in need of
   blood, little else, and
     words are no blood

at all— what suffices
  for such as you is
   (as you say) a

simulacrum of blood,
  with limited flow-
    potential, and as such

I counsel you (if
  you ask) to feed on
   something more wholesome—

don't scoff— wholesome
   is not relative
     for the human species,

and your words are dirt,
  feeding no one directly,
    and those who feed are

suspect, chilled by
   exposure to terminal
     frosts, unable to bite

what might suffice in the end…

Credits

fourW (Anthology)— “Manayunk Sky”

Nth Position— “Day Song”

Otoliths— “Dracula on Literature,” “The Point, Beyond,” “To Augustine,” “Tranny Dream”

Skicka— “Andrew Lundwall Dream,” “Lars Palm Dream”

Stoning the Devil— “Eyeballs”

wood s lot— “To Augustine”

The first portion of *The Posit Trilogy*, *Posit*, was released as a Dusie chap in 2007.